THE THOMPSON READERS

BOOK TWO

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THE THOMPSON READERS

Book Two

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INTRODUCTION

In learning to read, the child makes a simple beginning, acquiring gradually the visual signs of hundreds of words, the articulate sounds of which he already knows. Having gained some proficiency in this, he proceeds to more difficult, and at the same time, more interesting reading — more difficult owing to the appearance of new and unknown visual signs, and more interesting because of the association of both the old and the new in a way to express more complete and pleasing thought.

Having read Book One in the Word from Word Series, the pupils, in command of over a thousand words, come with readiness and with keen anticipation to the reading of Book Two. This book is intended for the second half of the first year. The aim in this, as in every other book of the entire series, is to avoid sudden leaps from easy to difficult. So, while the stories involve new words and expressions, these have been introduced gradually, and those already made familiar through the reading of Book

One, are allowed to appear under new conditions. Thus, the pupils may read with comparative freedom and ease, and with great enjoyment.

The stories chosen are unfamiliar and many of them are entirely new to school readers. They command the interest and arouse the imagination of the little folks. They reveal vital truths in a simple, childlike manner. "The Man Who Knew Everything" and "Helping the Goodman" are examples of this. What is the one question, asked by the child in the story, which the wise man cannot answer? Even little children appreciate the truth in the wise man's reply. A common tendency in human nature is shown in "Helping the Goodman." Children may not discern this truth unless it is pointed out to them, but no teacher will fail to do this if she perceives it herself.

Similar mention might be made concerning the other stories in the book, a full explanation of each of which will be found in the Teacher's Manual.

BOOK TWO

There was a little boy
named Jack.
There was a little girl
named Jill.
They went up a hill
to get a pail
of water.
They both fell down.
Do you remember them?
There was an old lady
who lived under
a hill.
Do you remember her?

There was a red robin
lived up in a tree.
Do you remember him?
There was a town
named Dover.
There was a little boy
named Bob.
There was a little boy named Bill.
They went out to ride together.
Do you remember them?
There was a little boy named Karl.
There was a little girl named Kate.
They went out to meet their little
brother.
Then they went out to skate.
Do you remember them?

There were two crows
sat on a stone.
There were five crows
in the farmer's
corn.
Do you remember them?
There was an old
woman who lived
in a shoe.
There was an old fox
who lived in a den.
Do you remember them?
There was little Jack
Horner who said,
"What a big boy
am I!"

LITTLE BOY BLUE

There was Little Jack Light-Hair
who said, "What a queer kind
of pie!"
There was Little Boy Blue
who tends the sheep.
There was Little Tom Tupper
who was eating his supper.
Do you remember them?
There were Pussy Cat and Puppy Dog,
and Little Boy and Pretty Girl,
who had all been to London
to see the queen.
Do you remember them?
There were the fox and the crow,
the wolf and the goat,
the monkey and the cat,

the pet dog and the donkey,
the lion and the mouse.
There were the kite and the frog,
the mouse and the birds,
the beasts and the bat.
Do you remember them?
There was Little Johnny Green
who drowned poor Pussy Cat.
There was Little Johnny Stout
who pulled her out.
There were Chicken-licken, Hen-pen,
Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Goose-loose,
Turkey-lurkey, and Fox-lox.
They were going to tell the king
that the sky had fallen.
Do you remember them?

There were four and
twenty blackbirds
baked in a pie.
There was the clock
that struck one.
There was the man
in the moon who
came down too soon.
Do you remember them?
There were four and
twenty black crows
early in the morn.
There was the farmer's
scarecrow standing
in the corn.
Do you remember them?

Jack and Joe,
To town they go
To sell some pails
of butter;

Jack makes the sale of every pail,
For Joe can only stutter.

He and she went off to sea,
For a trip upon the water;
Sick was he, and sicker she;
They'll stay on land hereafter.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a cave;
She had so many children,
She never could save.

There was an old woman
Who lived in the woods;
She had so many children,
They never had hoods.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a town;
She had so many children,
She never sat down.
Do you wonder this woman
Sometimes would frown?

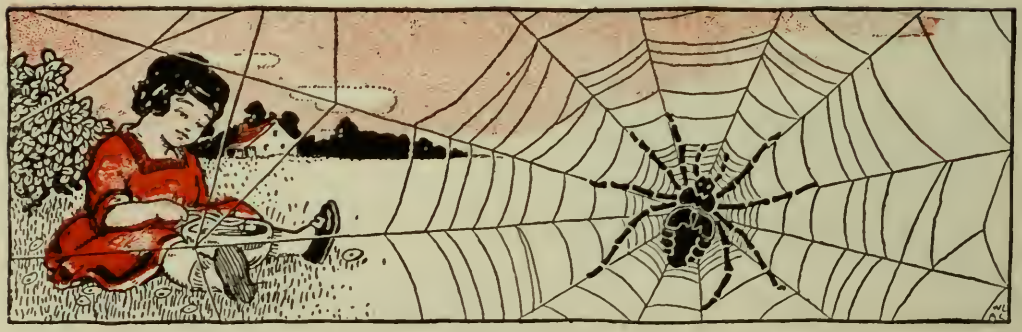
There was
an old lady
Lived under a tree;
And if she's
not gone,
By the tree
she will be.

Lem and Lee
Climbed up a tree
To get some nuts
for Sunday.
Lem fell down,
Lee broke his crown;
They were both in
bed on Monday.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat.
His wife could eat no lean.
Did you ever hear of them?
Cock Robin was killed
by a sparrow.
The little fly
saw him die.
The kite carried him
to the grave.

The thrush sang a song.
The dove mourned for him.
The bull rang the bell.
Did you ever hear of them?
Old Mother Hubbard went
to the cupboard.
Old Mother Cantry went to the pantry.

Old Mother Cable
went to the stable.
Old Mother Ricenest
went to the ice chest.
Did you ever hear of them?
Little Miss Muffet
sat on a tuffet.
Little Miss Cassock
sat on a hassock.
Little Miss Cammock
sat in a hammock.
Did you ever hear of them?



Simple Simon met a pieman.

Little Bo-Peep lost her sheep.

Little Tom Tucker sang

for his supper.

Sleepy-Head wanted to go to bed.

Slow wanted to wait a while.

Greedy Nan wanted to eat.

Did you ever hear of them?

Jack Sprat had a pig.
Every child has five little pigs.
You have five little pigs
on each little hand.
Did you ever hear of them?
Three wise men went to sea
in a bowl.
The black sheep had three bags
of wool.
The cat played on the fiddle.
The little dog laughed.
The cow jumped over the moon.
Did you ever hear of them?
Read on, little boy, little girl,
and you shall hear of all
of them and many more.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog
a bone;
But when she got there,
the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog
had none.

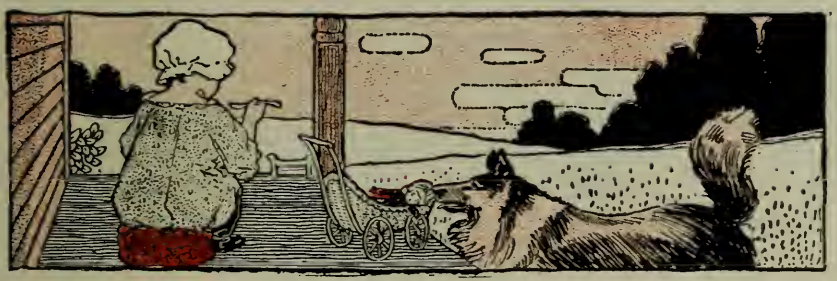
Old Mother Cable
Went to the stable
To see her poor horse
was fed;
But when she got there
The grain bin was bare,
And the poor horse was dead.

Old Mother Cable
Went to the stable
To give her poor cow some hay;
But when she got there,
The stable was bare,
And so the poor cow ran away.

Old Mother Ricenest
Went to the ice chest
To get her poor cat some meat;
But when she got there,
The ice chest was bare,
And so the poor cat didn't eat.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Miss Cassock
Sat on a hassock,
Eating plum porridge one day;
There came a big collie
And sniffed at her dolly,
Which frightened Miss Cassock away.



THE LION ROARED THAT HE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL

The animals once had a quarrel
as to which one was
the most beautiful of them all.
The elephant thought he was
the most beautiful.
The camel said that he was
the most beautiful animal.
The donkey thought he was
the most beautiful of them all.
The lion roared that he was
the most beautiful.
The tiger said that no other animal
was so beautiful as he was.

The horse thought he was
the most beautiful of all.
The cow said that she was
the most beautiful.
The goat thought that he
was more beautiful than any
other animal.
The sheep said that no animal
was so beautiful as the sheep.
The rabbit said the small animals
were much more beautiful
than the big animals, and that he
was the most beautiful
of the small animals.
The dog thought he was
the most beautiful of all animals.

THE FOX IS VERY WISE AND CUNNING

The cat was sure that she was
the most beautiful of all.
They could not agree as to which was
the most beautiful animal.
So they agreed to let some one else
decide it.
"Let the fox decide it,"
roared the lion, "for he
is very wise and very cunning."

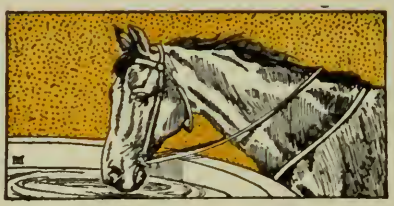
"No, no," cried the tiger.
"The fox is very cunning.
He would decide
for the king, the lion.
Let no animal decide it.
Let the owl decide it.
The owl is the bird of wisdom."

"No, no," cried the elephant.
"The owl cannot see us
in the daytime, and can
only half see us in the dark
at night.
Let no animal decide it.
Let no bird decide it.
Let man decide which of us
is most beautiful.
He can see us, and he knows
more than the owl or the fox."
So they agreed to let man decide
which animal was the most
beautiful.
He was willing, and all the animals
came before him.

ALL THE ANIMALS CAME BEFORE HIM

One after another, the animals
asked man to look and see
how beautiful they were.
"See my beautiful eyes and my
beautiful mane," roared the lion.
"See my beautiful stripes and my
glossy coat," said the tiger.
"See how big I am and what
a fine trunk I have,"
cried the elephant.
"See my beautiful humps
and my long neck," said the camel.
"Look at my long ears and rough
coat," brayed the donkey.
"Look at my fine horns," mooed
the cow.

And all the animals, one after another,
asked man to look and see
how beautiful they were.
And man looked at them, one by one,
and then said,
"The horse is the most beautiful
of all the animals, for he is
of the most help to man.
Handsome is as handsome does."
But none of the animals,
except the horse, was satisfied.
The others all thought that man
had not decided fairly.

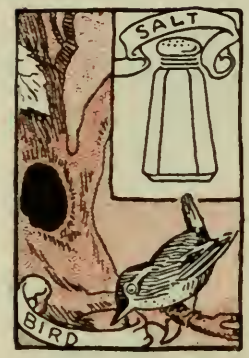


SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon
Met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon
To the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman
To Simple Simon,
"Show me first your
penny."
Said Simple Simon
To the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

He went to catch a little bird
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had



a little salt
To put upon his tail.

He went to shoot
a wild duck,
But the wild duck flew away;
Said Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

Simple Simon went
a-hunting
For to catch a hare;
He hunted through the street,
But couldn't find one there.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers till they bled,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon the sieve was dry;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all good-bye.

NED SOON CAME BACK WITH A LADDER

SOUR GRAPES AGAIN

One day Nat and Ned were walking
in the woods.
They found some grapes
growing high up in a tree.
Nat said, "I am going to get some."
He tried to climb the tree
but he could not climb it.
He tried again and again
but he could not climb the tree.
So at last he said,
"I don't want any grapes.
They are sour anyhow."
But Ned said, "I want some of them.
Help me climb the tree."

Ned tried and tried, but he could not climb the tree.

"Well," he said, "I am going to have some of those grapes."

He went away and soon came back with a ladder.

He was soon up in the tree and eating the grapes.

"Drop some down to me," said Nat.

Ned dropped him some.

"How sweet they are," cried Nat.

"Yes," said Ned, "I like them very much."

This little pig
went to market.

This little pig
stayed at home.

This little pig had
bread and butter.

This little pig
had none.

This little pig cried,
"Wee, wee! I can't
find my way home."

"Let's go to the woods,"
Said this little pig.
"What to do there?"
Asked this little pig.
"To find mama,"
Said this little pig.
"What to do with her?"
Said this little pig.
"To kiss her, to kiss her,"
Said this little pig.

This little pig
Lives all alone.
This little pig
Lives with three others.
This little pig
Stays always at home.
This little pig
Lives with his brothers.
And this littlest pig
Says, "Wee, wee!
I am almost as big
As the others."

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow.
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

This is the sparrow
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly.
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

This is the fly
Who saw Cock Robin die.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the kite.
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave."

This is the kite
About to take flight.

Who'll sing a song?
"I," said the thrush,
As she sat on a bush.
"I'll sing a song."

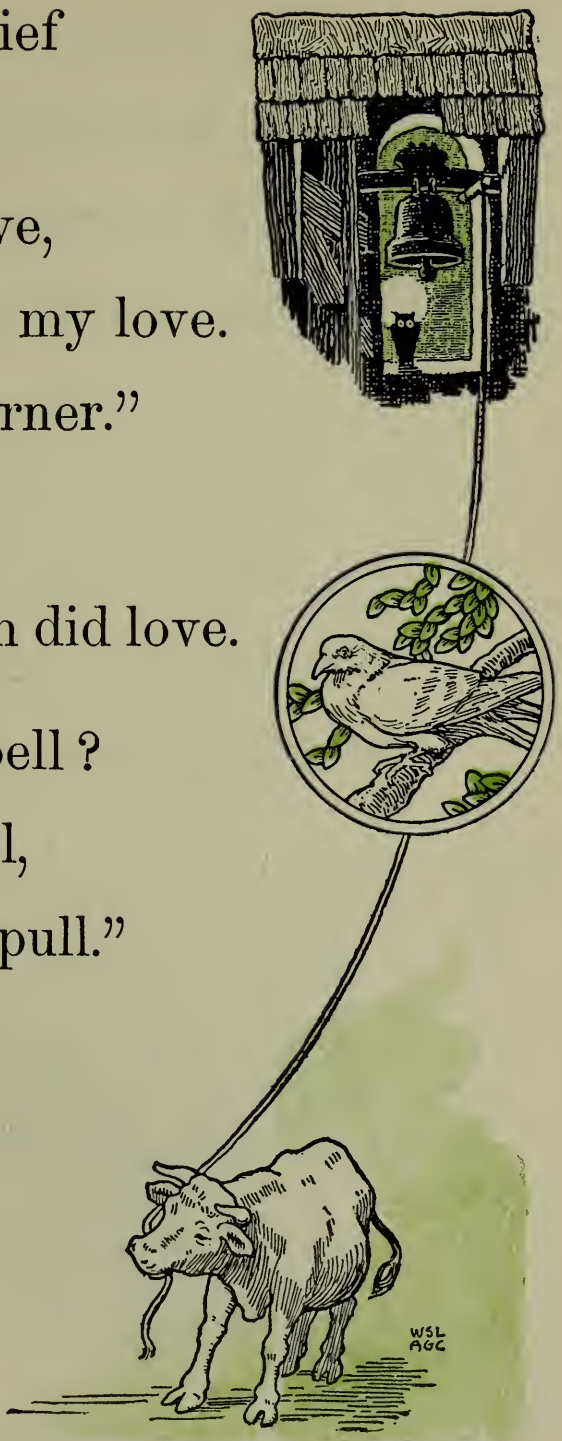
This is the thrush
Singing songs from a bush.

Who'll be the chief
mourner?
"I," said the dove,
"For I mourn for my love.
I'll be chief mourner."

This is the dove
Whom Cock Robin did love.

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull."
So, Cock Robin,
farewell.

This is the bull
Who the rope
did pull.

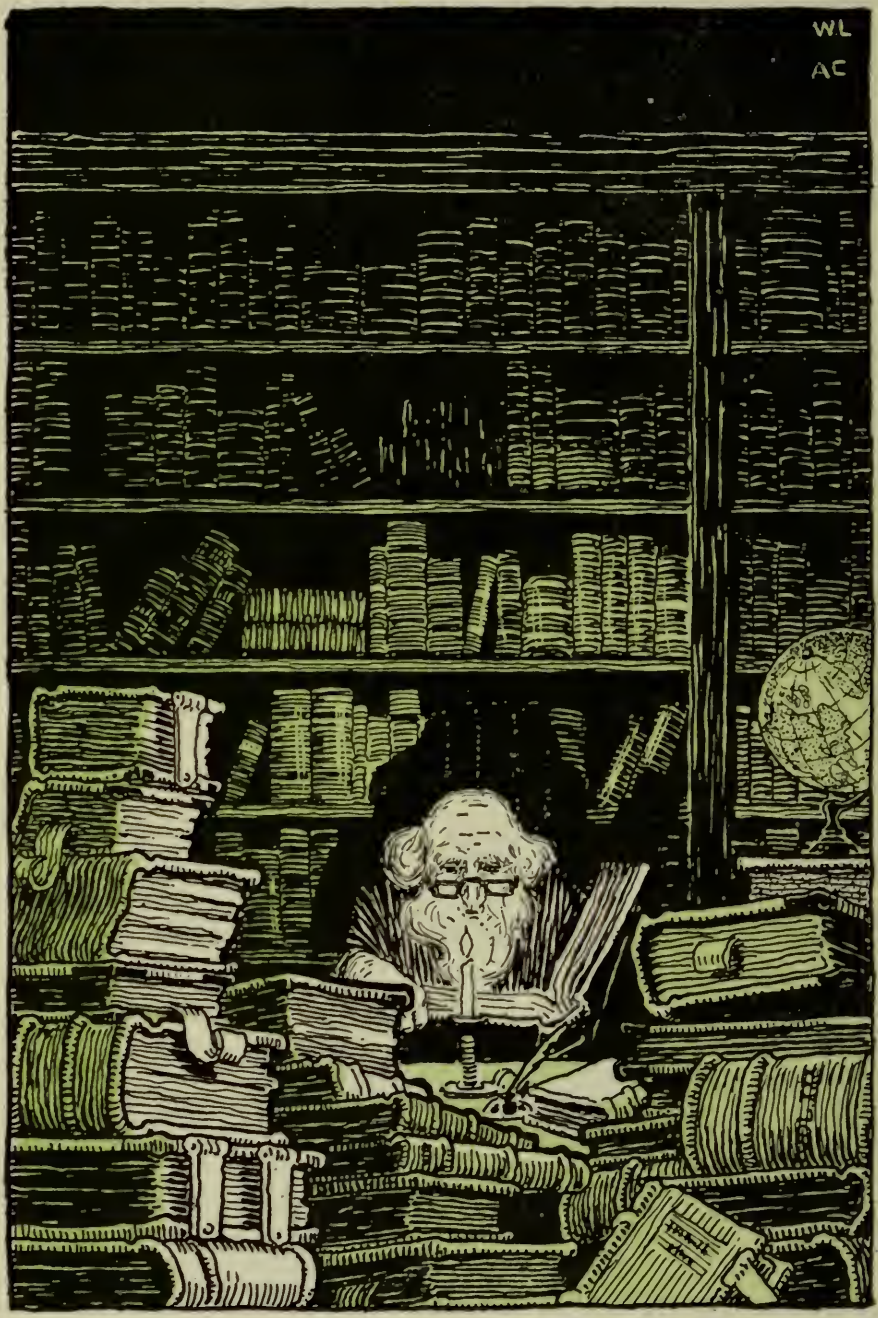


All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

For he killed Cock Robin,
The wicked sparrow;
With his bow and arrow,
He killed Cock Robin.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING

Once upon a time, there was a man
who lived in a country
far away and who thought
that he knew everything.
He had put everything one can know
into great books.
The king in another country
heard of him and wanted to find out
if this wise man did know
everything.
So the king called the wise men
of his own country together
and asked them if they thought
that any one could know everything.



HE HAD PUT EVERYTHING ONE CAN KNOW INTO GREAT BOOKS

All the wise men said,

"No, no one can know everything."

The king told them of the wise man

in a far-away country who said

that he knew everything.

The wise men had heard of him,

but they were sure there were

many things he did not know.

"Let us send one of our wise men,"

said one of them,

"to this far-away country

to ask some questions of this man

who knows everything."

"That is good," cried the king.

"I will send the wisest one of you.

Who is the wisest of you all?"

All but one of them cried out,

"It is John, the abbot! Send him!

He is the wisest of us all."

But John, the abbot, said,

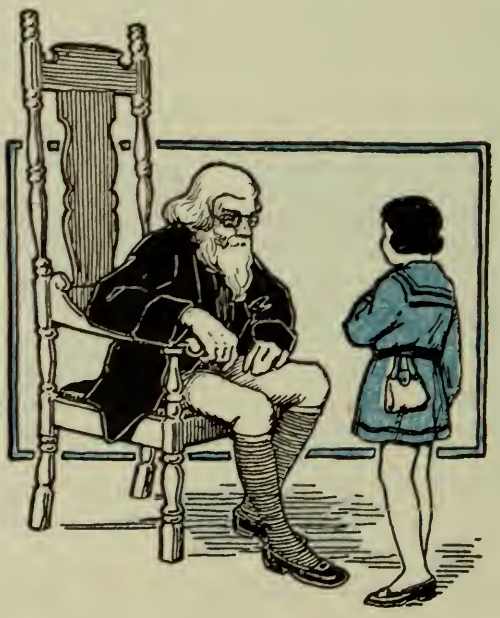
"No, no, O king!

Do not send me. Send no wise man.

Send a little child,

for a little child can ask

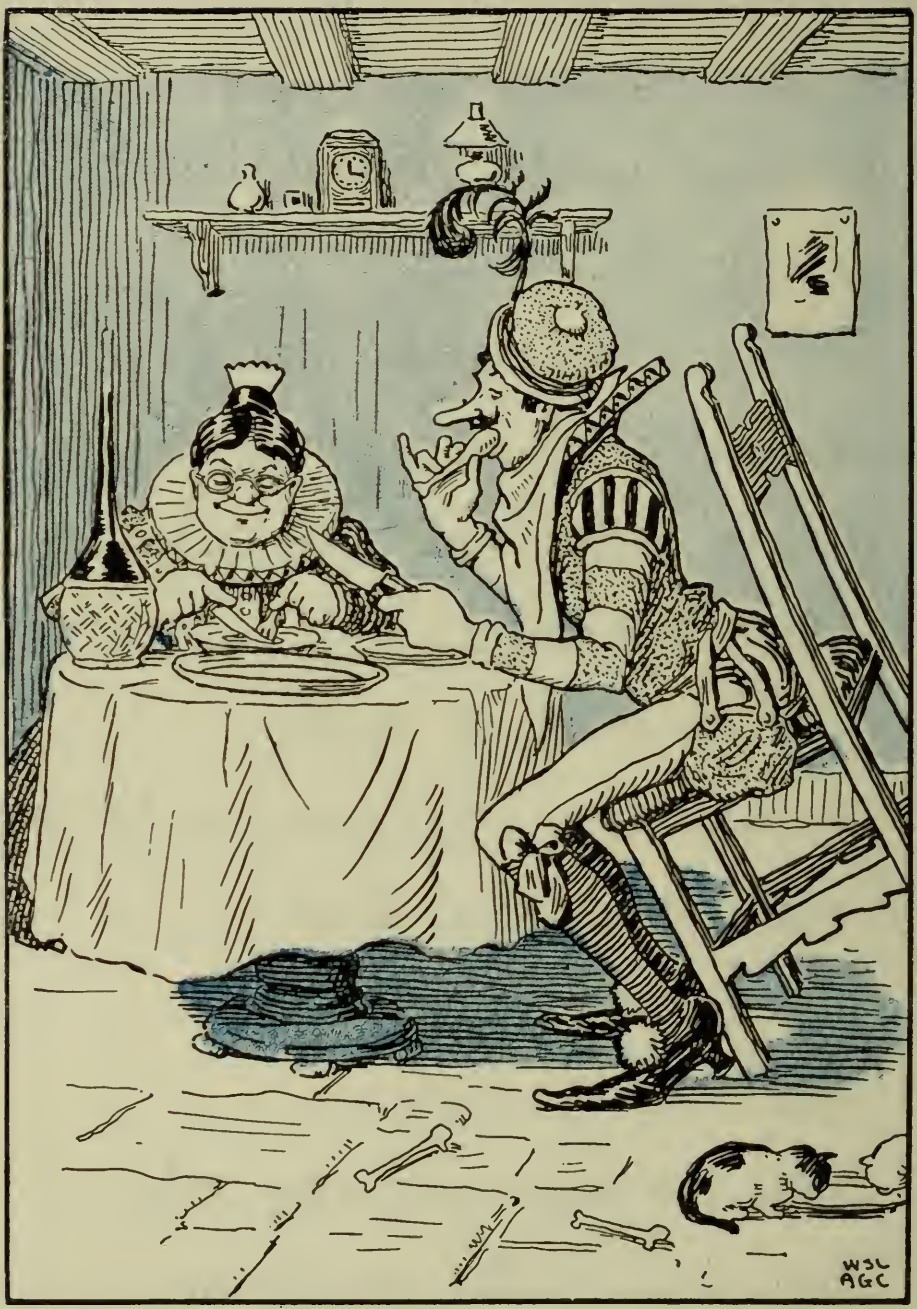
questions no man can answer."



So they sent a little child
to the far-away country
to ask some questions
of the wise man who said
he knew everything.
The very wise man said
that he would answer
the child's questions.
Then the little child was brought
before him.
And the little child
asked this wise man,
"What is the earth?"
And the wise man said,
"A great ball, cold on the outside
and fire inside."

All were surprised, for every one
then thought the earth was flat
and made of rock.
Then the child asked,
"What is the sun?"
The wise man answered,
"A great ball of fire,
a million times as big
as the earth."
Then the child asked,
"What is the moon?"
And the wise man answered,
"A cold ball that shines
in the light of the sun."
"Who made the earth, the sun, and
the moon?" asked the child.

The wise man answered,
"God made them."
"And what am I?" asked the child.
"You are the image of God,"
answered the wise man.
"And what is God?" asked the child.
"I do not know," said the wise man.
"No man knows
and no man can know.
I only know what men can know."
The little child went back
to his own country
and told the king
that the man was very wise,
but that he did not know
everything.



JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE

Who knew Jack Sprat?
"I," said Bo-Peep
Who tended the sheep.
"I knew Jack Sprat."

This is Bo-Peep
Who tended the sheep.

Who saw him eat?
"I," said Jack Horner.
"As I sat in the corner,
I saw him eat."

This is Jack Horner
Who sat in the corner.

Who met his wife?
"I," said little Jill.
"As I went up the hill,
I met his wife."

This is little Jill,
Who went up the hill.

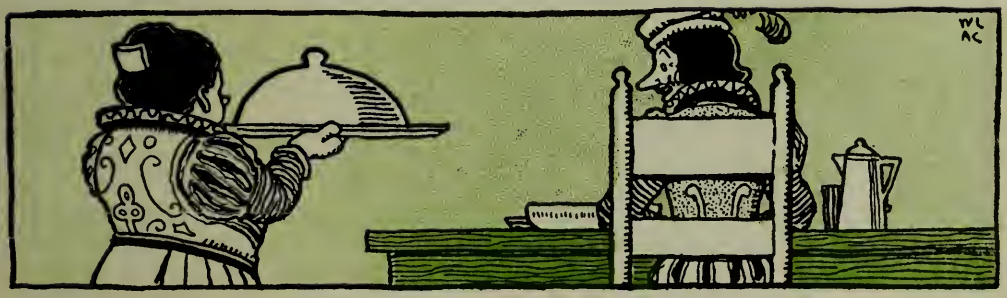
Who brought the platter?
"I," said Tom Tupper.
"I brought it for supper,
I brought the platter."

This is Tom Tupper,
Always thinking of supper.

Who got the meat?
"I," said Boy Blue.
"I made them a stew;
I got the meat."

This is Boy Blue
Who made them a stew.

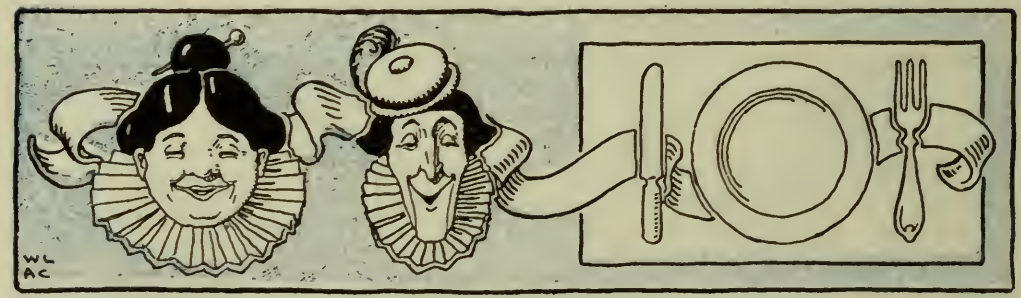
Where did they eat it?
In the dining room fine,
On a table of pine,
There they did eat it.



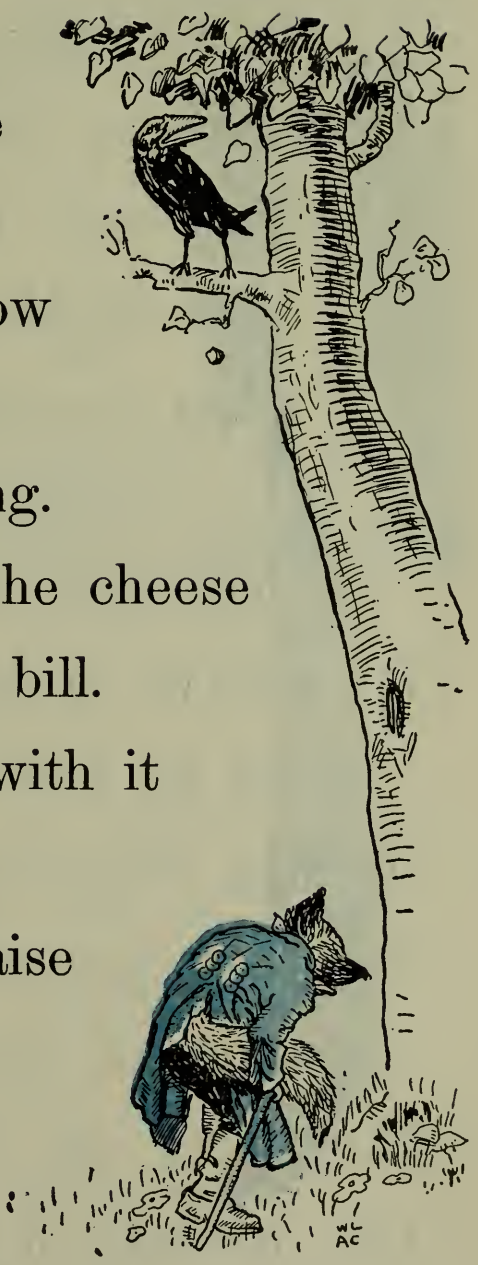
Who licked the platter?
Jack Sprat and his wife,
With no fork and no knife,
They licked the platter.

This is Jack Sprat and his wife
Who lived such a life.

Then learn, little girl, little boy,
To use your fork and your knife,
When you read the sad story
Of Jack Sprat and his wife.



Do you remember
the fox and the
crow?
The fox said the crow
was pretty.
He asked her to sing.
The crow dropped the cheese
she had in her bill.
The fox ran away with it
and ate it.
Everybody likes praise
and will do
a great deal
for praise.



Do you remember
the north wind and the sun?
The north wind was strength.
The sun was kindness.
Kindness made the man
take off his cloak,
when strength could not do it.

Tom had some work to do.
He wanted to play,
but he had to do the work.
He was whitewashing a fence.
Soon his playmates came
to watch him at work.
They made fun of him.
Tom worked on as if he liked it.

Pretty soon one of his playmates
wanted to try it.
He thought that he could
whitewash as well as Tom.
Tom let him do a little.
He did it very well.
Tom praised his work.
He told him how well he did it.

Then another boy wanted to try it.
He thought he could whitewash
better than Tom.
Tom let him do a little
and praised his work.
Then another boy thought
he could do it even better.
Tom let him try it and praised his work.
One boy after another tried it,
till the fence was all whitewashed.
Then Tom went off to play with the boys.
Kindness and praise will do
a great deal.

Do you remember the monkey
and the cat?

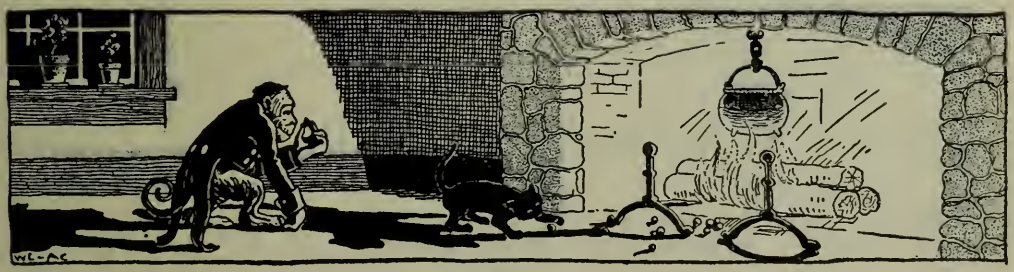
Do you remember
how the monkey got the cat
to pull the hot chestnuts
out of the fire for him?

Tom got his playmates to do his work for him.

Don't you think Tom
was a little like the monkey?

He got his playmates
to do something for him
that he did not like to do himself.

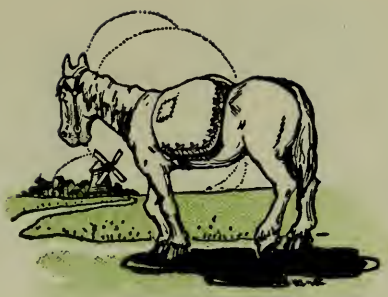
He got them to pull his chestnuts
out of the fire.



Jack Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
So between them both,
They cleaned the cloth
And licked the platter clean.

Jack Nutch
Did speak Low Dutch,
His wife did speak Malay;
So for the two,
There was nothing to do,
But to talk to themselves all day.

There was an old horse
Going to the mill;
When he went on,
He didn't stand still.

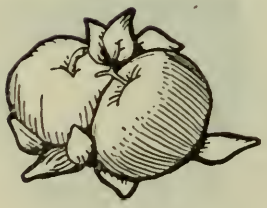


There was an old man,
Tall and thin;
When he went out,
He didn't go in.

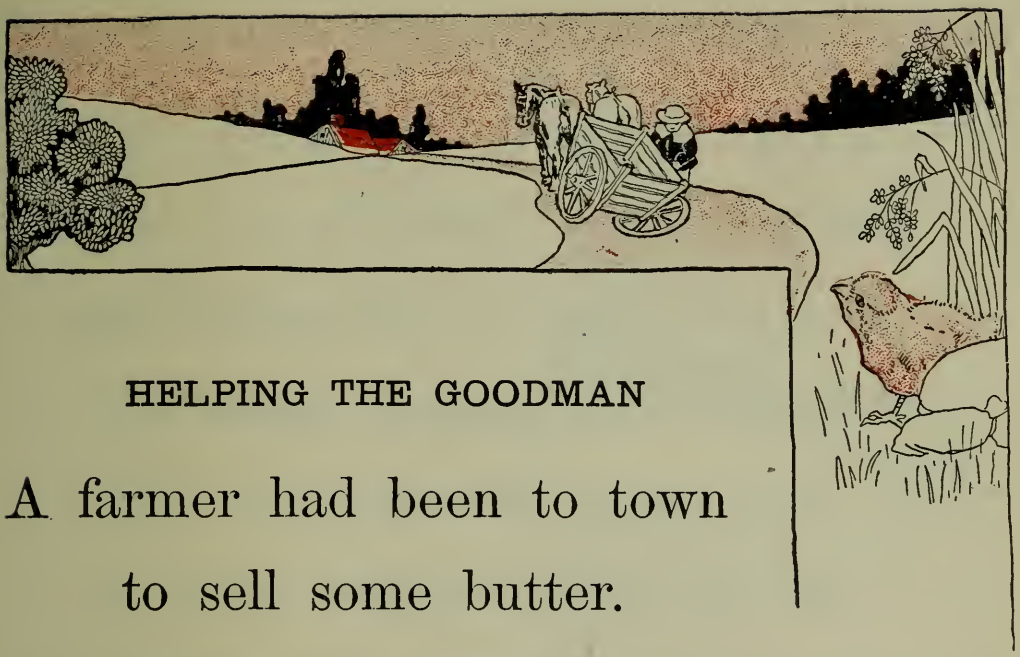
There was a bold laddie
Came home to sup;
When he sat down,
He didn't stand up.

There was a big boy
Lived in our town;
When he looked up,
He didn't look down.

There was an old man
Getting thinner and
thinner;
When he ate supper,
He didn't eat dinner.



There were some apples
Sold at a fair;
When you bought two,
You got a pair.



HELPING THE GOODMAN

A farmer had been to town
to sell some butter.
He was nearly home
when his cart broke down.
He could not leave the horses,
so he called for help.
He was so near home, he thought
some one would hear him.
So he yelled at the top of his voice.
And, sure enough, some one
did hear him.

Chicken-licken heard him.

She ran to Hen-pen and cried,

"O dear! O dear!

The goodman is calling for help.

His cart has broken down."

"Yes, yes," cried Hen-pen.

"Let us tell Cock-lock."

And Chicken-licken and Hen-pen

ran to Cock-lock and cried,

"O dear! O dear!

The goodman is calling for help.

His cart has broken down."

"Yes, yes," cried Cock-lock.

"Let us tell Duck-luck."

And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen,

and Cock-lock ran to Duck-luck.

They cried,

"O dear!

The goodman

is calling

for help.

His cart has

broken down."

"Yes, yes," cried

Duck-luck.

"Let us go and tell

Drake-lake."

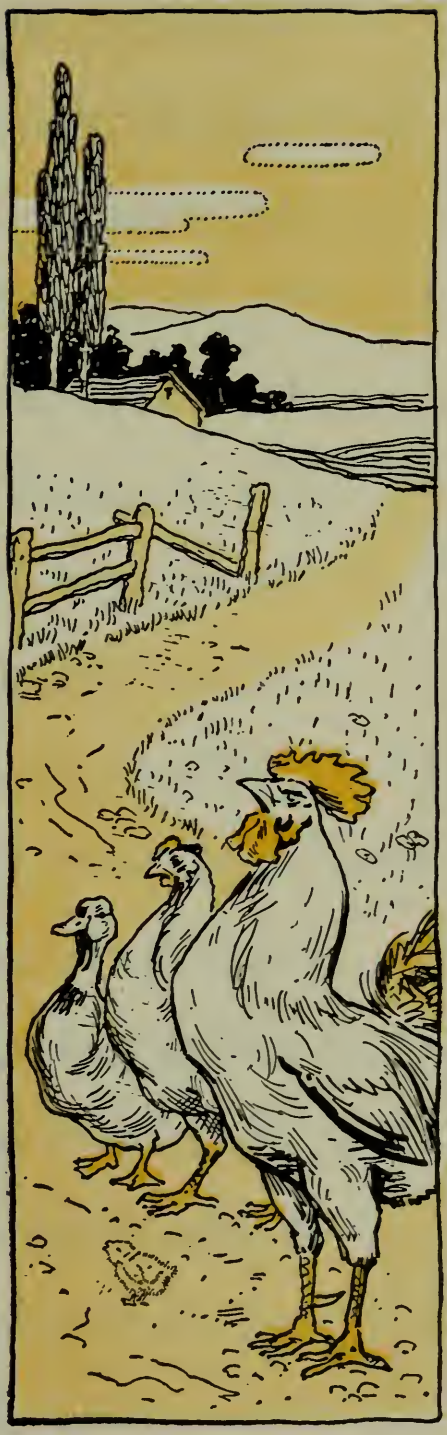
And Chicken-licken,

Hen-pen,

Cock-lock,

and Duck-luck

ran as fast



as they could to find Drake-lake.
They found him in the pond
and cried out to him,
"Come and help the goodman.
His cart has broken down."
"I will! I will!" cried Drake-lake.
"I will be glad to help him.
Let us tell Goose-loose."
Drake-lake came up from the pond.
And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, and Drake-lake ran off
to find Goose-loose.
They found her at the other side
of the pond.
"Come," they cried,
"the goodman needs help.

His cart has broken down."

"Yes, I will come," said Goose-loose,

"but I must tell Gander-lander."

And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen,

Cock-lock, Duck-luck,

Drake-lake, and Goose-loose

ran off as fast as they could

to find Gander-lander.

He was eating grass at the edge

of the pond.

"Come," they cried,

"the goodman is calling for help.

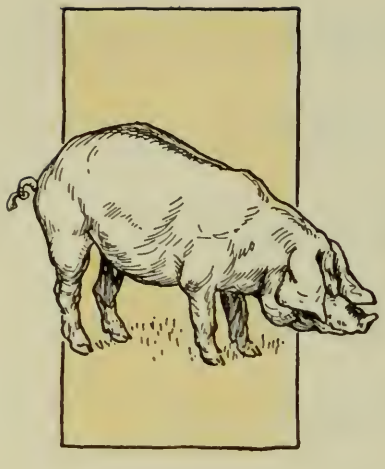
His cart is broken down."

"Yes, yes," cried Gander-lander.

"I will come, but let us get

Hoggy-woggy."

So Chicken-licken,



Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake,
Goose-loose,
and Gander-lander
ran off together
to find Hoggy-woggy.

They found him down in the barnyard.

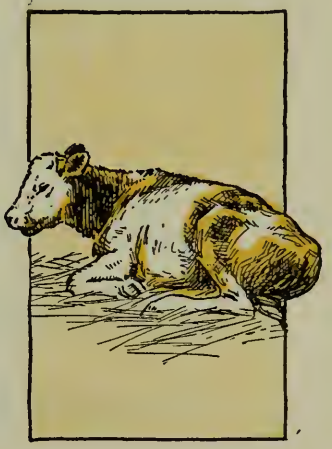
"Come! come!" they cried.

"The goodman needs help.
His cart has broken down.
Come with us and help him."

"Yup, yup," grunted Hoggy-woggy.

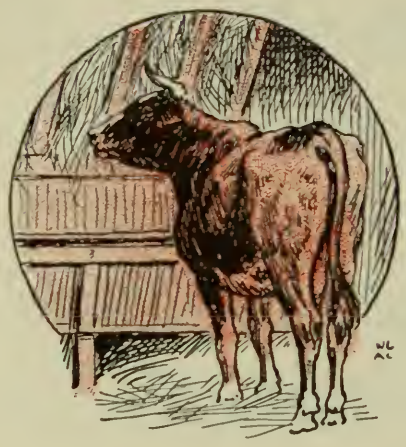
"I will help him,
but we must get Willy-calf.
Let us run and tell Willy-calf."

And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, and Hoggy-woggy
ran off to find Willy-calf.
They found him in the stall.
"Come on! come on!" they cried.
"The goodman is calling for help.
His cart has broken down."
"Yes, yes," said Willy-calf.
"I will help him,
but let us get
Dolly-cow."



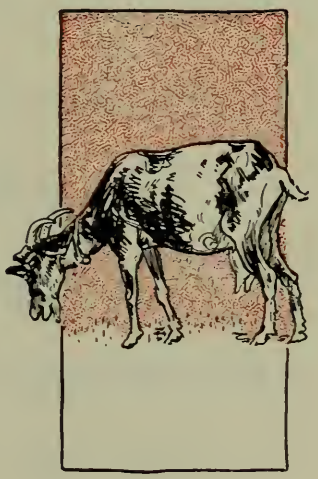
So Chicken-licken,
Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake,
Goose-loose, Gander-lander,

Hoggy-woggy, and Willy-calf
ran off to find Dolly-cow.
They found her in the barn

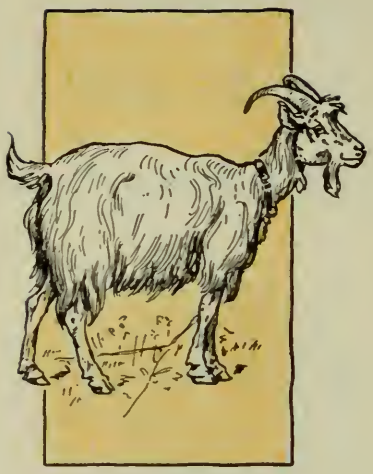


chewing her cud.
"Come on! come on!"
they cried.
"The goodman is
calling for help.
His cart has broken down."
"Very well, very well," said Dolly-cow,
"but let us get Nanny-goat, too."
And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,
Willy-calf, and Dolly-cow
ran off to find Nanny-goat.

They found her back of the barn,
eating whatever she could find.
"The goodman is calling for help,"
they all cried.
"His cart has broken down.
Come with us and help him."
"I will! I will!"
cried Nanny-goat,
"but I must first
find Billy-goat."

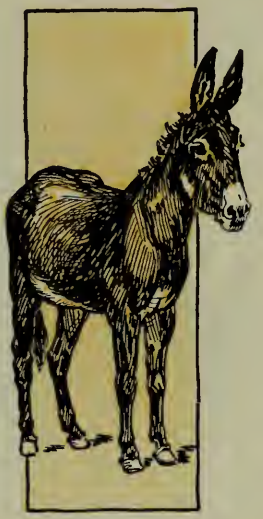


So Chicken-licken,
Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake,
Goose-loose, Gander-lander,
Hoggy-woggy, Willy-calf,
Dolly-cow, and Nanny-goat



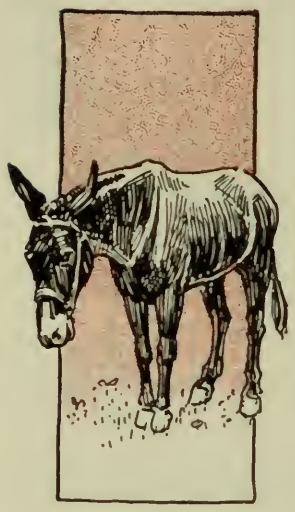
ran as fast
as they could
to find Billy-goat.
They found him out
in the field,
butting the colt.
"Stop that!" they all cried.
"Come with us! come with us!
The goodman is calling for help.
His cart has broken down."
"I'll stop," cried Billy-goat,
and he stopped butting the colt.
"But let us get Brayer, the donkey."
And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,

Willy-calf, Dolly-cow, Nanny-goat,
and Billy-goat ran off
to find Brayer,
the donkey.



They found him looking
over the barnyard fence.
"Come! come!" they all cried.
"The goodman is calling for help.
His cart has broken down
a little way up the road."
"I'll come! I'll come!" cried Brayer,
the donkey.
"But let us get Kicker, the mule."
So Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,

Willy-calf, Dolly-cow, Nanny-goat,
Billy-goat, and Brayer, the donkey,



ran off together
to find Kicker,
the mule.
At last they found him
down in the meadow.
"Hurry! hurry!" they cried.
"Come with us.
The goodman's cart is broken down,
and he is calling for help."
"Where is he?" asked Kicker, the mule.
"He did not call for me.
He does not want my help."
"Come on! come on!" they all cried.
"He wants all of us to help him."

"All right," said Kicker,
the mule, "I will go,
but not unless Jerry,
the horse, goes too."

So Chicken-licken,
Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,
Willy-calf, Dolly-cow, Nanny-goat,
Billy-goat, Brayer, the donkey,
and Kicker, the mule, ran off
to find Jerry, the horse.
They found him
at the upper end of the pasture,
eating the sweet green grass.
"The goodman is calling for help.

His cart has broken down
a little way up the road.
Come with us and help him,"
they all cried.

"Very well, I will," said Jerry,
the horse.

"But let us get Tom, the hired man."

And Chicken-licken, Hen-pen,

Cock-lock, Duck-luck,
Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,
Willy-calf, Dolly-cow,
Nanny-goat, Billy-goat,
Brayer, the donkey,
Kicker, the mule, and Jerry, the horse,
all ran off,

as fast as they could,
to find Tom, the hired man.
They found him at last.
He was planting peas in the garden.
"Hurry! hurry!" they all cried.
"The cart has broken down
a little way up the road."
"All right! all right!" cried Tom,
the hired man.
"But let us first tell Fanny,
the goodman's wife."
So Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,
Willy-calf, Dolly-cow,
Nanny-goat, Billy-goat, Brayer,

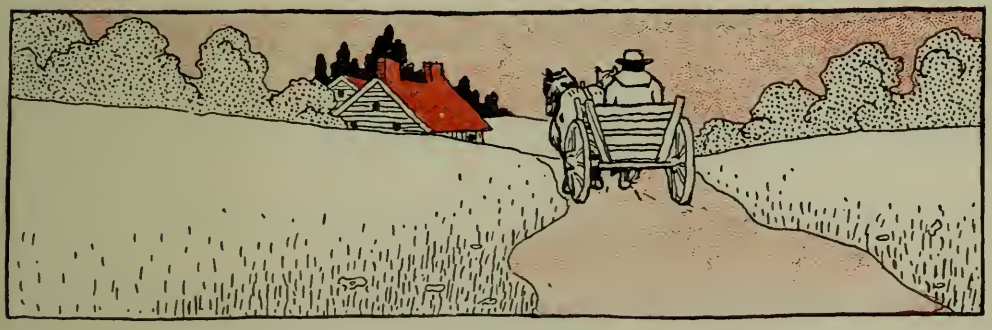
the donkey, Kicker, the mule,
Jerry, the horse, and Tom,
the hired man, ran off
to get Fanny, the farmer's wife.
They found her in the kitchen,

getting dinner.
"Come! come!" they all cried.
"The goodman
is in trouble.
He is calling for help.
His cart has broken down,
just a little way up the road."
So Chicken-licken, Hen-pen, Cock-lock,
Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose,
Gander-lander, Hoggy-woggy,
Willy-calf, Dolly-cow,

Nanny-goat, Billy-goat,
Brayer, the donkey, Kicker,
the mule, Jerry, the horse,
Tom, the hired man, and Fanny,
the farmer's wife, all ran
to help him.

They found him
a little way up the road.

But they had been so long
in coming to help him
that he had mended the cart
and was starting for home.



Leg over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a gate,
Jump, he went over.

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin
do then?
Poor thing!

He will fly to the barn
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under
his wing,
Poor thing!

"Let's go to bed,"

Says Sleepy-Head.

"Let's wait awhile,"

Says Slow.

"Put on the pan,"

Says Greedy Nan.

"Let's eat before we go."

Little Tom Tupper
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
How shall he marry
Without any wife?

Pit, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away.
Where can little Robin be,
But up in the apple tree?

Away, birds, away!
Take a little, leave a little,
And come again some day.

The cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

Three men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been
stronger,
My story had been
longer.

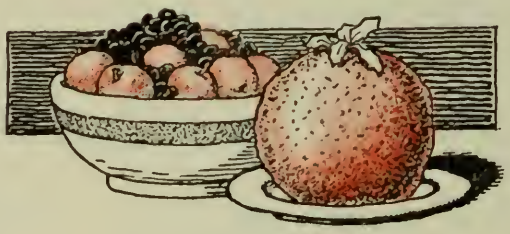
Young lambs to sell!
If I had as much money
As I could tell,
I never would cry,
Young lambs to sell!

TOM WAS VERY UNHAPPY

GREEDY TOM

A little boy was very greedy.
The little boy's name was Tom.
Tom wanted everything for himself.
Tom wanted all the playthings.
Tom wanted all the pretty clothes.
He wanted all the good things to eat.
Tom had no brothers and no sisters.
His father was very rich.
So Tom had nearly everything
that he wanted.
He never had everything he wanted.
He always wanted something more.
He did not always know
what he wanted.

So he was very unhappy.
Tom was not very strong and well.
He was a sickly little boy.
He wanted so much and had so much
that he could not keep well.
Sometimes little children
call a playmate Greedy Cat.
Do you know why?



You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a pudding, too,
When daddy comes home.

Rain, rain,
Go away!
Come again,
Some other day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell
Where to find them.
Let them alone!
They'll come home,
Bringing their tails
Behind them.

Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again.

Jack Sprat's pig —
He was not very little,
He was not very big,
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
"He will do very
well,"
Said little Jack Sprat.

THE PITFALL

Once on a time, there was a man
who lived far, far away in a wood.
He had many, many goats and sheep,
but he could not keep them,
for Graylegs, the wolf,
kept stealing them.

So at last the man said,
"I will make a trap
and catch Graylegs, the wolf."
And he set to work to dig a pitfall.
He dug a great hole in the ground.
He dug it deep enough
so Graylegs could not get out.

Then he put a pole down
in the middle of it.
The top of the pole
stuck out high
above the ground.
On the top of the pole,
he put a big,
round board.
On the board he tied
a little dog.
He covered the pit
with branches
and put snow
on top of them.
No one could see
where the pit was.

All you could see was a little dog
tied to a board on the top
of a pole.
When night came, the little dog
grew tired of sitting
on the board
and began to bark, "Bow-wow,
bow-wow,
bow-wow."
He barked and kept
barking at the moon.
Just then Mr. Fox
came along.
He thought the little dog
would make him a good supper.
So he made a jump at him.

He did not reach him, but tumbled
head over heels into the pit.
The pit was so deep
Mr. Fox could not get out.
So he crawled off into one corner
and kept still.
A little while after,
the little dog got so tired
that he began to bark again,
"Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow."
Just then Graylegs, the wolf,
came along.
He heard the little dog barking.
Graylegs thought the little dog
would make him a good supper.
So he made a jump at him.

He did not reach him,
but tumbled head over heels
into the pit.
When he picked himself up,
he saw the fox in one corner,
so he crawled off into another
and kept still.
When it was nearly morning,
it began to snow
and the wind began to blow.
It grew so cold that the little dog
was nearly frozen.
So he began to bark again,
"Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow."
He barked and howled,
and howled and barked.

Father Bear
came along
and said,
"Here is a
fine breakfast
for me."

He walked slowly to the pole
and just before he got to it,
down he went, head over heels,
into the pit.

He saw the fox in one corner
and Graylegs, the wolf,
in another.

So he crawled over into another.

Just as the sun rose, an old woman
came walking by.

She carried a bag of meal
on her back.
She saw the little dog
on the board.
She heard him barking and howling
with all his might.
So she crawled up to the edge
of the pit and peeped into it.
"So you are caught at last, Mr. Fox,"
she said, for she saw him first.
"I am very glad of it,
you old hen thief.
I am very glad of it."
Then she saw Graylegs, the wolf,
and cried, "And you too, Graylegs!
How glad I am!

Many a goat and sheep
you have carried off
and killed, and now
it is your turn.
How glad I am!"
As she cried out,
"How glad I am,"
she stooped over
so far that the bag
of meal fell off
her shoulder
and dragged her
into the pit
heels over head.
She was stunned by the fall,
but at last she picked herself up.

She crawled over
into the fourth corner
and there they all sat —
Mr. Fox in one corner; Graylegs,
the wolf, in the second corner;
Father Bear in the third;
and the old woman in the fourth.
As soon as it was daylight,
the fox began to peep and to peer,
and to twist and to turn about,
for he thought he might as well
try to get out.
Then the old woman began to scold him.
"Can't you keep still," she cried,
"you old hen thief?
Are you afraid?

See how still
Father Bear
sits in his corner.
He is no coward."
The old woman
thought it well
to make friends
with Father Bear,
for if they should
get to fighting,
he would be
the strongest.
But just then,
up came the man
who made the pitfall.
He looked in at them.

Then he drew the old woman out.
After that he killed Mr. Fox,
old Graylegs, the wolf,
and Father Bear who sat so still
in his corner.
After that night, he did not lose
so many of his sheep and goats.

Little boy, little boy,
Where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.
I am going to the meadow
To see them a-mowing;
I am going to see them make hay.

Little girl, little girl,
What are you doing?
I will help you, if I may.
I am packing my hand-bag
And packing my trunk,
I am going to the country to-day.

Little girl, little girl,
Where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.
I am going to the country
To see them a-mowing;
I am off to the country away.

Little boy, little boy,
What are you doing?
I will work with you, if I may.
I am making a bird-house
To help the bluebirds;
I am making a bird-house
to-day.

It was summer and it was very warm.
It is always very warm in the summer
time.
Sometimes in the warm weather,
there is not much rain.
When there is not much rain
in the summer time,
everything becomes very dry.
One day Jack, the farmer, said to Fanny,
his wife, "It is very warm."
"Yes," said Fanny, the farmer's wife,
"It is very warm."
"We haven't had much rain all summer,"
said the farmer.

"No," said Fanny, the farmer's wife,
"we haven't had much rain
and everything is very dry."
Then Jack, the farmer, said to his wife,
"Tell Tom, the hired man,
that he must put an iron hoop
around the hogshead,
or it will fall all to pieces."

The farmer went off into the fields
to work.
"Tom," said Fanny, the farmer's wife,
"Jack says you had better
put an iron hoop
around the hogshead.
If you don't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
"Very well," said Tom, the hired man,
"I will put an iron hoop
around the hogshead."
Then Tom went to the barn
to get Jerry, the horse.
"It is very warm, Jerry," said Tom
to the horse. "We haven't had
much rain and it is very dry.

Jack says that I must put
an iron hoop around the hogshead
or it will fall all to pieces."
Tom let Jerry, the horse,
out to pasture.
Jerry found Kicker, the mule,
down in the meadow
eating sweet grass.
"Good day, Kicker," said Jerry,
the horse.
"Good day, Jerry," said Kicker,
the mule. "It is very warm."
"Yes," said Jerry, "it is very warm
and everything is very dry.
The farmer told Tom,
the hired man, to put

an iron hoop around the hogshead.
If he doesn't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
Kicker, the mule, went on
eating sweet grass.
Soon he saw Brayer, the donkey,
looking over the barnyard fence.
"Good day, Brayer," said Kicker,
the mule.
"Good day, Kicker," said Brayer,
the donkey. "It is very warm."
"Yes," said Kicker, "it is very warm,
and everything is very dry.
The farmer told Tom,
the hired man, to put
an iron hoop around the hogshead.

If he doesn't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy!" cried Brayer,
the donkey. And he ran off
to tell Billy-goat out in the field.
"Good day, Billy-goat," said Brayer,
the donkey.
"It's a warm day," said Billy-goat.

"Yes," said Brayer, the donkey.

"It is very warm and very dry.
The farmer told Tom
to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head
to keep it from falling to pieces."

"Poor Hoggy-woggy!" cried Billy-goat,
and he ran off to tell Nanny-goat.
Billy-goat found Nanny-goat
back of the barn
eating anything she could find.

"Good day, Nanny-goat," said Billy-goat.

"Good day, Billy-goat," said Nanny-goat.

"It is very warm."

"Yes, it is very warm
and very dry," said Billy-goat.

"The farmer told Tom
to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head
to keep it from falling to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy!"
cried Nanny-goat,
and she ran to tell Dolly-cow.
Nanny-goat found Dolly-cow
lying on the ground
in the shade of an oak tree
and chewing her cud.
"Good day, Dolly-cow," said Nanny-goat.
"Good day, Nanny-goat," said Dolly-cow.
"It is very warm."
"Yes," said Nanny-goat, "it is very warm
and everything is very dry.

The farmer told Tom, the hired man,
to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head.
If he doesn't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy!" cried Dolly-cow,
and she got up to go
to tell Willy-calf.
Dolly-cow found Willy-calf in the stall.
"Good day, Willy-calf," said Dolly-cow.
"Good day, Dolly-cow," said Willy-calf.
"It is very warm."
"Yes," said Dolly-cow, "it is very warm
and everything is very dry.
The farmer told Tom
to put an iron hoop

around Hoggy-woggy's head.
If he doesn't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy!" cried Willy-calf,
and he ran to tell him
how sorry he was that Tom
must put an iron hoop
around his head to keep it
from falling to pieces.
Willy-calf found Hoggy-woggy
in the barnyard.
"Oh, Hoggy-woggy!" cried Willy-calf.
"Have you heard that the farmer
told Tom, the hired man,
to put an iron hoop
around your head?

"ME! ME!" HOGGY-WOGGY SQUEALED

If he doesn't, it is so dry
your head will fall all to pieces."
"Me! Me!" Hoggy-woggy squealed.
Then he grunted and squealed,
and he squealed and grunted.
Willy-calf ran back to tell Dolly-cow
how bad Hoggy-woggy felt
because the farmer was going
to have an iron hoop
put around his head.
Poor Hoggy-woggy squealed
so loudly that Gander-lander
came running into the barnyard
to see what was the matter.
"What is the matter with you?"
cried Gander-lander.

"Me! Me!" squealed Hoggy-woggy.
"The farmer told Tom, the hired man,
to put an iron hoop around
my head. He said if he didn't
my head would fall all to pieces."
Hoggy-woggy grunted and squealed
and squealed and grunted,
and Gander-lander ran off to tell
Goose-loose the story.
Gander-lander found Goose-loose
down by the pond.
"Oh, Goose-loose! have you heard
the news about Hoggy-woggy?"
cried Gander-lander.
"What news?" asked Goose-loose.
"Why, this," said Gander-lander.

"The farmer told Tom
to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head.
If he doesn't, it is so dry
it will fall all to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy," said Goose-loose
to Gander-lander.
"Have you told Drake-lake?"

"No," said Gander-lander. "Let us
find Drake-lake and tell him."
So Gander-lander and Goose-loose
went to tell Drake-lake.
He was out in the pond.
"Oh, Drake-lake," cried Goose-loose,
"have you heard the news
about poor Hoggy-woggy?"
"What news? What is the matter
with Hoggy-woggy?"
"Why," said Goose-loose,
"the farmer told Tom
to put two iron hoops
around Hoggy-woggy's head
to keep it from falling to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy," said Drake-lake.

"Have you told Duck-luck?"
"No," said Goose-loose. "Let us find
Duck-luck and tell him."
So Gander-lander, Goose-loose,
and Drake-lake found Duck-luck.
"Oh, Duck-luck," cried Drake-lake,
"have you heard the news
about poor Hoggy-woggy?"
"What news? What is the matter
with Hoggy-woggy?"
asked Duck-luck.
"Why," said Drake-lake,
"the farmer told Tom
to put three iron hoops
around Hoggy-woggy's head
to keep it from falling to pieces."

"Poor Hoggy-woggy," said Duck-luck.
"Have you told Cock-lock?"
"No," said Drake-lake. "Let us find
Cock-lock and tell him the news."
So Gander-lander, Goose-loose,
Drake-lake, and Duck-luck
ran to tell Cock-lock.
"Oh, Cock-lock," cried Duck-luck,
"have you heard the news
about poor Hoggy-woggy?"
"What news? What is the matter
with Hoggy-woggy?"
"Why," said Duck-luck,
"the farmer told Tom
to put four iron hoops
around Hoggy-woggy's head

to keep it from falling to pieces."

"Poor Hoggy-woggy," said Cock-lock.

"Have you told Hen-pen?"

"No," said Duck-luck. "Let us go and tell Hen-pen."

So Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, and Cock-lock ran to tell Hen-pen the news.

"Oh, Hen-pen," cried Cock-lock, "have you heard the news about poor Hoggy-woggy?"

"What news? What is the matter with Hoggy-woggy?"

"Why," said Cock-lock, "the farmer told Tom

to put iron hoops
all around Hoggy-woggy's head
to keep it from falling to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy," said Hen-pen.
"Have you told Chicken-licken?"
"No," said Cock-lock. "Let us go
and tell Chicken-licken."
So Gander-lander, Goose-loose,
Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock,
and Hen-pen all ran
to tell Chicken-licken the news.
"Oh, Chicken-licken," cried Hen-pen,
"have you heard the news
about poor Hoggy-woggy?"
"What news?" asked Chicken-licken.
"What is the matter?"

"Why," said Hen-pen,
"the farmer told Tom
to put iron hoops
around Hoggy-woggy.
If he doesn't,
it is so dry
he will fall to pieces."
"Poor Hoggy-woggy,"
said Chicken-licken.
"Let us find
poor Hoggy-woggy
and tell him
how sorry we are
that he must have
iron hoops put
all around him."

So Gander-lander, Goose-loose,
Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock,
Hen-pen, and Chicken-licken
all ran to find poor Hoggy-woggy.
But Hoggy-woggy could not be found.
"Where can Hoggy-woggy be?"
asked Chicken-licken.
"Tom must have taken him
to put the iron hoops around him,"
said Hen-pen.
"Poor, poor Hoggy-woggy!"
they all cried.
Then Chicken-licken said,
"Let us run and find Willy-calf
and tell him that Hoggy-woggy
is gone.

Tom must have taken him to put
the iron hoops around him."
So Gander-lander, Goose-loose,
Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock,
Hen-pen, and Chicken-licken
all ran and told Willy-calf
that Hoggy-woggy was gone
and that Tom must have taken him
to put the iron hoops around him.
Then Willy-calf ran with them
to tell Dolly-cow.
She ran on with them, and they told
Nanny-goat, Billy-goat, Brayer,
the donkey, and Kicker, the mule.
When Kicker, the mule, heard the news,
he asked, "Who said that Tom

was going to put iron hoops
around Hoggy-woggy?"

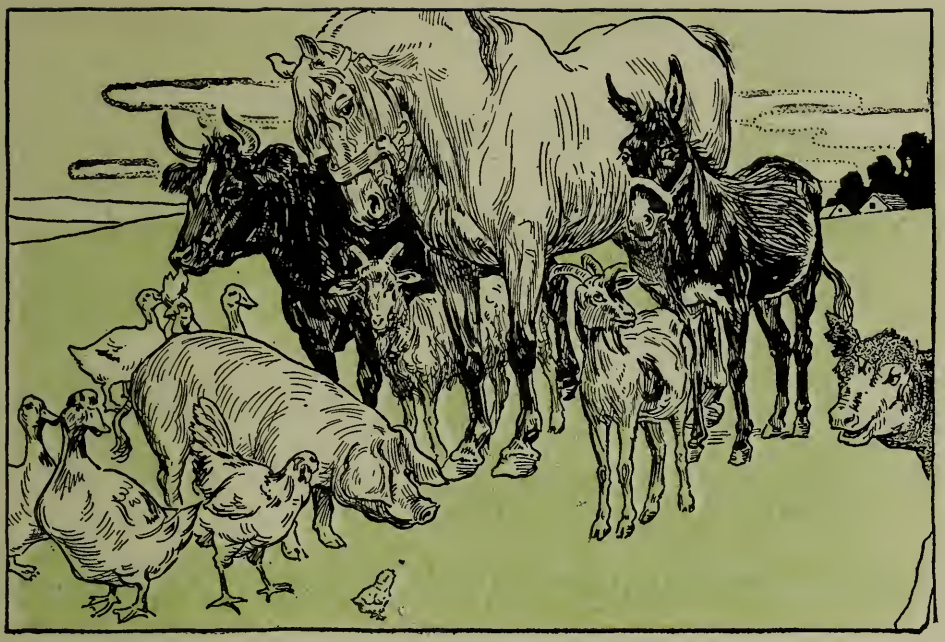
"You said the farmer told Tom,
the hired man, to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head,"
said Brayer, the donkey.

"Oh, Brayer, what a donkey you are!"
said Kicker, the mule.

"I said that Tom, the hired man,
must put an iron hoop around
the hogshead back of the house,
or it would fall all to pieces."

Then Brayer turned around
and looked at them all.

He called out, "Isn't that
what I told all the rest of you?"



"No," they shouted,
and they all began to laugh.
Chicken-licken got to peeping
and squeaking.
Hen-pen began to cackle and cluck.
Cock-lock began to crow.
Duck-luck tried to laugh,
but she could only quack.

Drake-lake threw his head back
and quacked and quacked.
Goose-loose nearly tumbled over,
she laughed so much.
Gander-lander could be heard laughing
half a mile away.
Willy-calf tried to moo like Dolly-cow.
Nanny-goat and Billy-goat grabbed
a tablecloth off the clothesline
near the kitchen door
and began to pull it to pieces
and to stuff it into their mouths.
Kicker, the mule, laughed loudest of all.
Poor Brayer, the donkey,
looked foolish standing there
with the others laughing at him.

Jerry, the horse, heard the noise
and came galloping up
from the pasture.
"Oh, Jerry," cried Kicker, the mule,
"Brayer, the donkey, has told
every one that Tom, the hired man,
was going to put an iron hoop
around Hoggy-woggy's head,
to keep it from falling to pieces!"
"Oh, Brayer," said Jerry,
"you are as foolish as ever."
Then Jerry neighed and neighed.
"But where is Hoggy-woggy?"
he asked at last.
Now all this time, Hoggy-woggy
had been hiding under the barn.

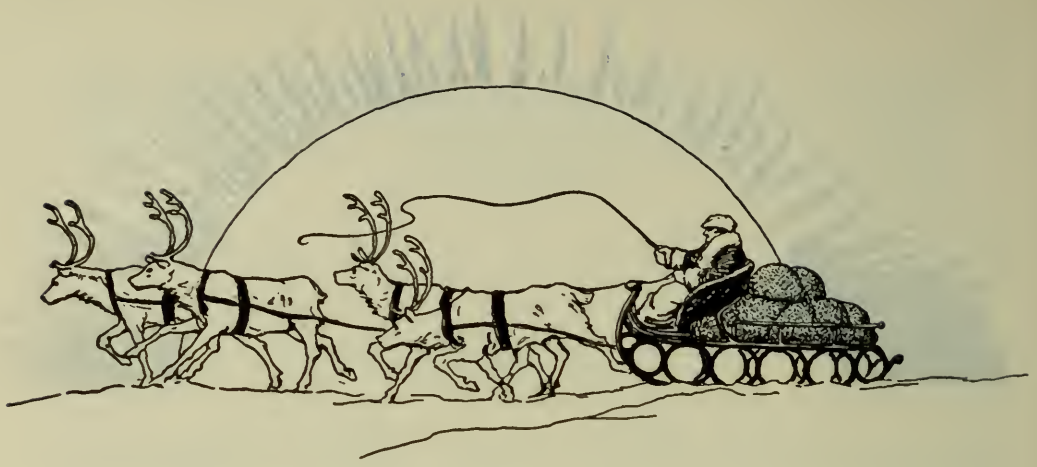
He had heard all
that the other animals had said,
and had heard them all laughing.
So when Jerry asked where he was,
Hoggy-woggy came out
from under the barn,
blinking his little eyes
and squealing and grunting.
"Isn't it true," said Hoggy-woggy,
"that the farmer is going to have
an iron hoop put around my head?"
"Why, no, of course not,"
said Jerry, the horse.
"The farmer did not tell Tom
to put an iron hoop
around your head, Hoggy-woggy.

The farmer told Tom to put
a hoop around the hogshead,
that big wooden barrel
at the back of the house."
"Huh, huh!" laughed Hoggy-woggy,
"huh, huh."
And all the animals went up
back of the house to look
at the new iron hoop which Tom
had put around the hogshead
to keep it from falling to pieces.

THE SELFISH LITTLE WOMAN

There is a land far away to the north
of us.
This land, so far away to the north
of us, is called the Northland.
In this far-away land
called the Northland,
the winter days are very short.
But the winter nights in that
far-away land are not short.

The winter nights in the Northland
are very, very long.
They are so long that no one
can sleep all night.
We do not have such long nights.
And we do not have so much snow
as in the Northland.
When it snows in our country,
the horses pull the sleighs
over the snow.
There are not many horses
in the Northland.
But there are a great many reindeer.
There are no sleighs in the Northland.
But there are many sledges.
These sledges look like our sleighs.



Now when it snows in our country,
the horses pull the sleighs
over the snow.
But when it snows in the Northland,
the reindeer pull the sledges
over the snow.
The reindeer run very fast.
The reindeer pull the sledges
over the snow very quickly.
There are also many little children
in the Northland.

But in the Northland, little children
do not look like the children
in our country.
In the Northland, the boys and girls
wear funny, furry clothes.
So the boys and girls
there in the Northland
look like little bears.

These boys and girls, who wear
such funny, furry clothes
and look so much like little bears,
are told a very queer story.
The boys and girls like to hear
this story.
Once there was a very good man.
This very good man was named Peter.
Good Peter went everywhere
trying to help others.
One day when he was going about
helping others, he came
to the door of a little house.
He had traveled a long way
when he came to the door
of the little house.

It was at the end of the day.
He had eaten almost nothing.
He had traveled so far
that he was very tired,
as well as very hungry.
Now when the good man Peter
reached the little house,
he found a little woman
making cakes.

As Peter was so hungry, he asked
the little woman to give him
just one of her cakes.
Now the little woman was baking
a great many cakes.
But the little woman did not know
that it was the good man Peter
who asked her for one of her cakes.
So she did not give him one
of the big cakes she was baking.
But she made another one —
a very little cake.
The little woman thought the big cakes
were too big to give away.
So she made a very little cake
and put it into the oven to bake.

While it was baking, the little woman
looked at it and she thought
it was too big to give away.
So she made another smaller cake.
While it was baking, the little woman
looked at it and she thought
it was too big to give away.
So she made a still smaller cake.
She made it very, very little.
While it was baking, the little woman
looked at it and she thought
it was too big to give away.
Then the little woman took
a very little speck of dough.
She took this little speck of dough
and rolled it and rolled it.

She rolled the little speck of dough
until it was flat and thin.
Then she put it into the oven to bake.
The little cake was very small and thin.
But while it was baking,
the little woman looked at it.
She thought she could not give
the little cake away.
She thought it was too big to give away.
She said to herself, "My cakes seem
too small when I eat them myself.
But my cakes that seem too small
when I eat them myself,
are too big to give away."
And the little woman would not give
Peter any one of her little cakes.

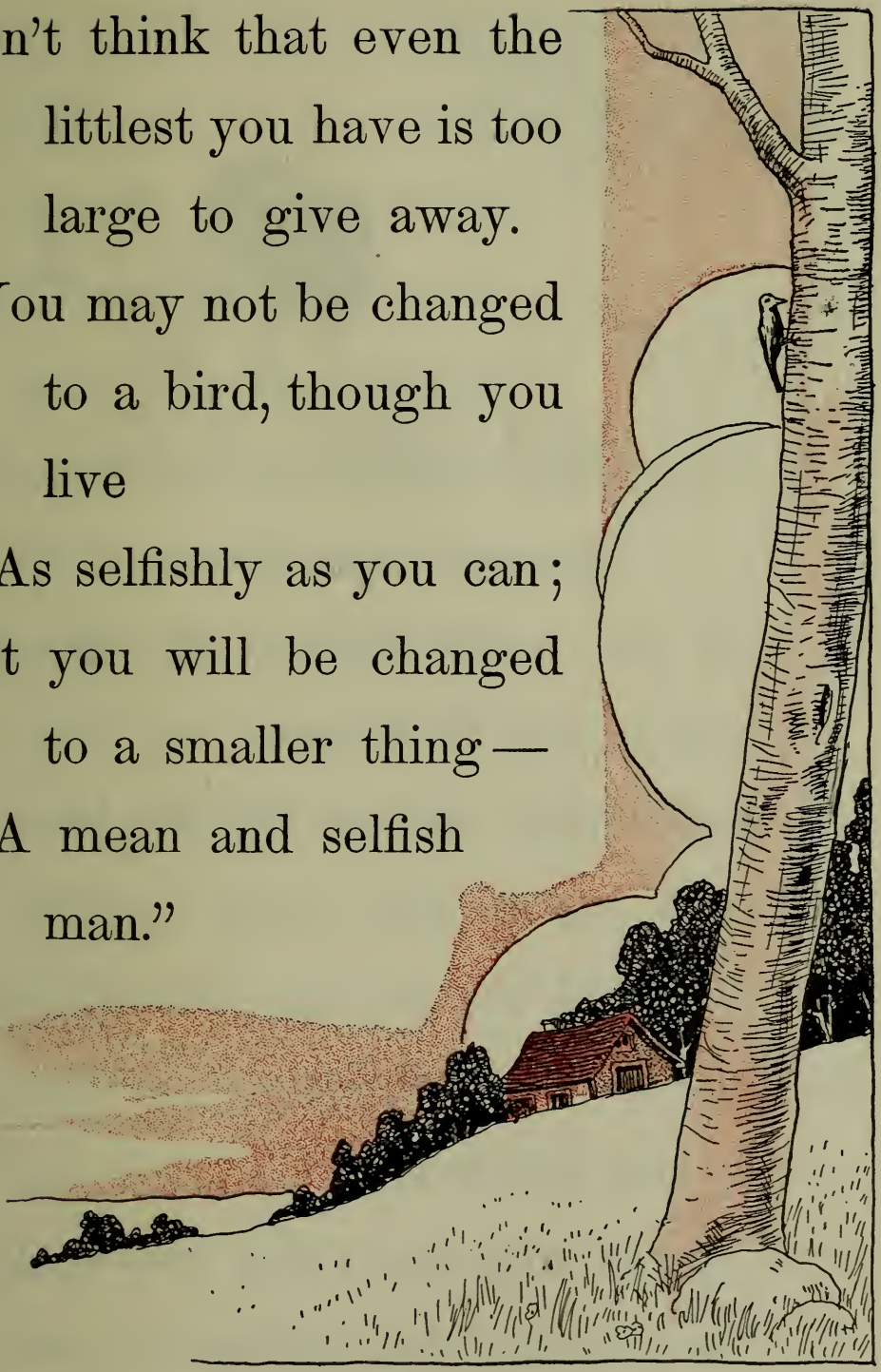
She would not give away even the last
little cake she had made.
She put all the little cakes away
on the shelf in the cupboard.
And the good man Peter
did not have anything to eat.
When he saw what the little woman
had done, he was very angry.
He said to her,
"You think too much of yourself.
You are too selfish to live
as men and women do.
I shall let you live, but you shall
live as the birds do. You shall
get only a little speck of food
at a time, and you shall get it

by pecking and pecking and pecking
all day in the hard, dry wood."
Now after Peter had told
the little woman she must live
as the birds do, he drove her
right up through the chimney.
She went up the chimney
without speaking a word.
When she came out at the top
of the chimney, the little woman
was a little woodpecker.
She had been changed into a bird.
Before the little woman
went up the chimney, she wore
a red cap and a white dress.
The red cap was still on her head.

But when she went up the chimney,
her dress was blackened with soot.
Her cap was red and her dress black.
In the trees out in the woods,
you may see the little bird
who was once a little woman.
This poor little bird, the woodpecker,
lives in the trees till this very day.
She is pecking and pecking and pecking
all day in the hard, dry wood.
But she gets only a little speck of food
at a time.

When you see the red cap
and black dress of the woodpecker,
remember to be kind and good.

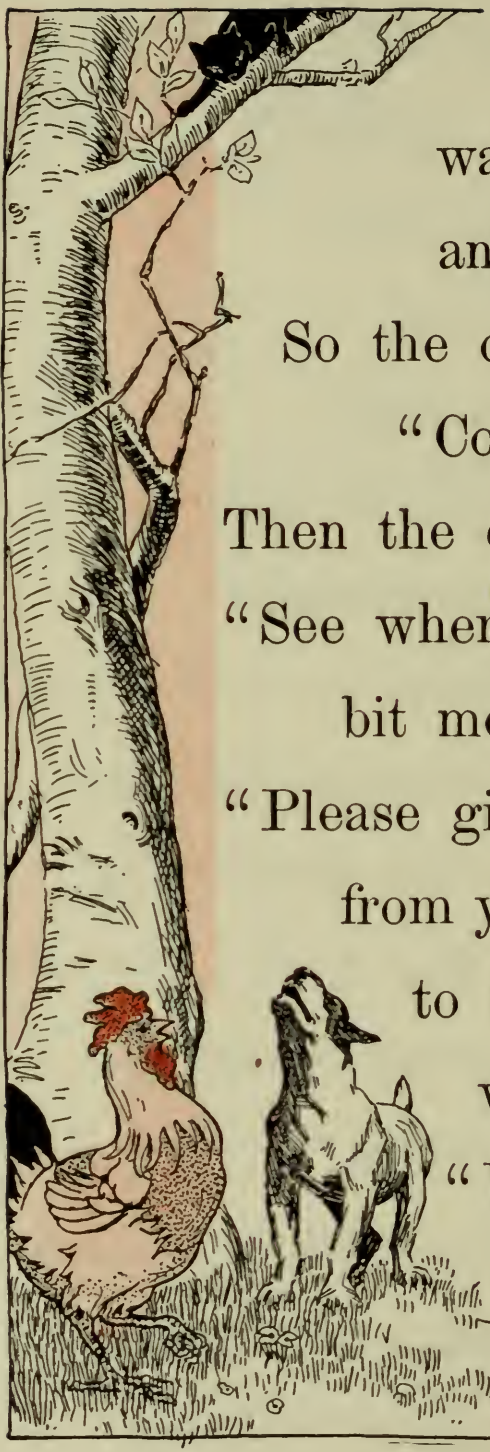
Don't think that even the
littlest you have is too
large to give away.
"You may not be changed
to a bird, though you
live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed
to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish
man."



THE WOUNDED COCK

A cock was scratching in the grass
out in the meadow
and a field mouse bit his leg.
The cock ran to the house to find
the good woman, the farmer's wife.
He found her standing
in the kitchen door.
"See, good woman," cried the cock,
"see where the mouse bit me!

Will you please give me a rag
to bind up my wound?"
"Bring me first two hairs
from the dog's tail,"
said the good woman.
"Then I will give you a rag
to bind up your wound."
The cock did not know
why the good woman wanted
two hairs from the dog's tail.
But he ran to find the dog.
The dog was out in the driveway
in front of the barn.
He was watching the cat up in the tree.
"See," cried the cock, "see where
the mouse bit me!"

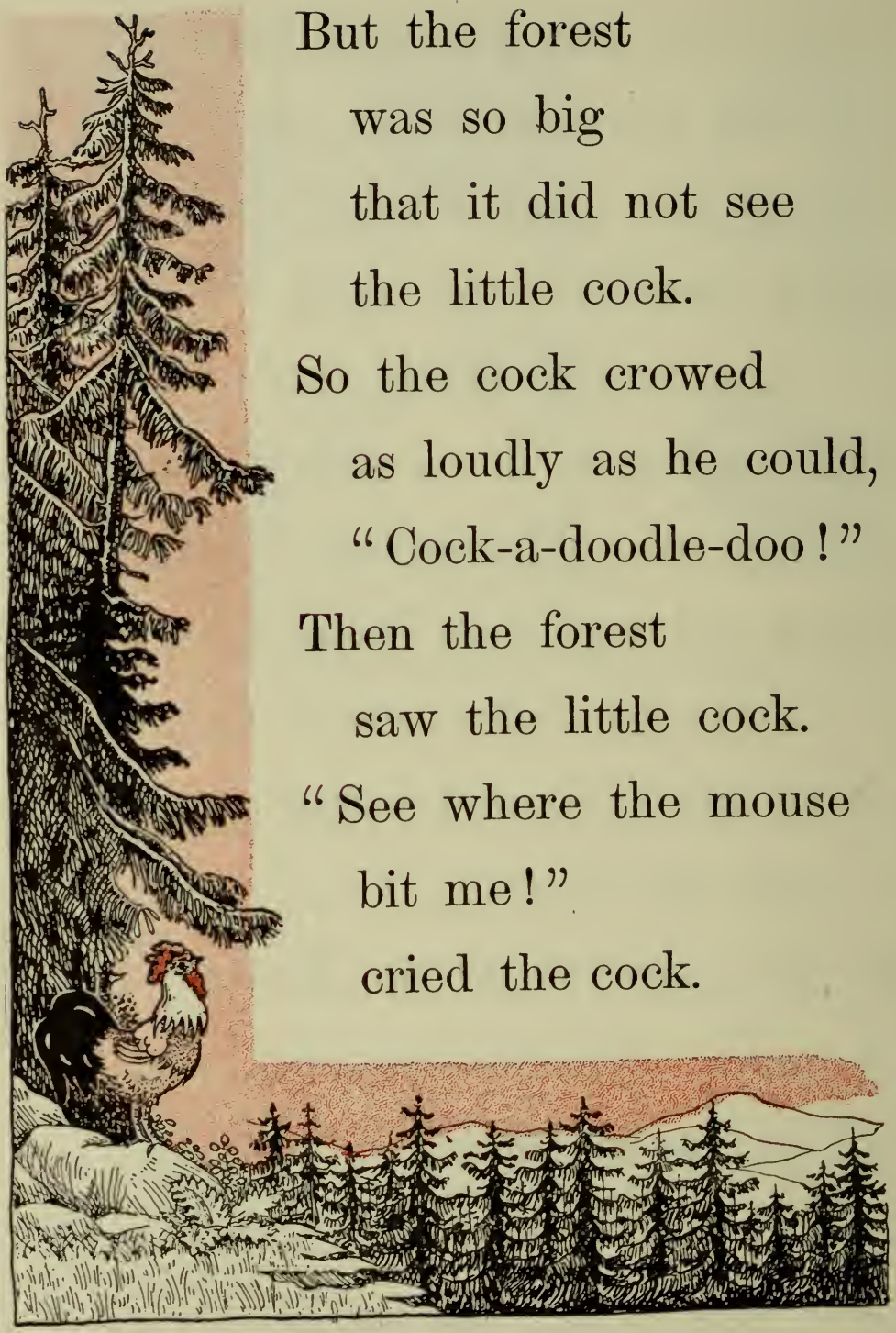


But the dog
was watching the cat
and did not hear.
So the cock crowed
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
Then the dog jumped up.
"See where the mouse
bit me!" cried the cock.
"Please give me two hairs
from your tail
to take to the good
woman."
"What will the good
woman give you?"
asked the dog.

"Then she will give me a rag
to bind up my wound,"
said the cock.
"Get me first a loaf of bread
from the baker," said the dog.
"Get me a good loaf of bread.
Then I will give you two hairs
from my tail."
So the cock ran to find the baker.
The baker was in the kitchen
baking bread.
"Look," cried the cock, "see where
the mouse bit me!"
But the baker was putting
a loaf of bread into the oven.
He did not see the cock.

So the cock crowed as loudly
as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"
Then the baker looked at the cock.
"See where the mouse bit me!"
the cock said. "Please give me
a loaf of bread for the dog."
"What will the dog give you?"
asked the baker.

"Then the dog will give me
two hairs from his tail
for the good woman."
"And what will the good woman
give you?" asked the baker.
"She will give me a rag to bind up
my wound," said the cock.
"First get me some wood for my fire,"
said the baker, "and then
I will give you a loaf of bread
for the dog."
So the cock ran to the forest
away down at the end
of the meadow.
"See!" cried the cock.
"See where the mouse bit me!"



But the forest
was so big
that it did not see
the little cock.
So the cock crowed
as loudly as he could,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
Then the forest
saw the little cock.
"See where the mouse
bit me!"
cried the cock.

"Please give me some wood
for the baker's fire
in the kitchen."

"What will the baker give you?"
asked the forest.

"Then he will give me a loaf of bread
for the dog."

"What will the dog give you?"
asked the forest.

"The dog will give me two hairs
from his tail for the good woman,"
answered the cock.

"And what will the good woman
give you?" asked the forest.

"The good woman will give me a rag
to bind up my wound," said the cock.

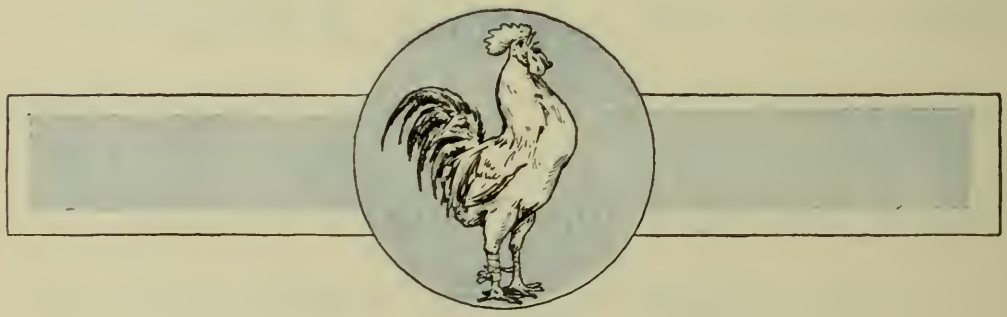
"First get me some water,"
said the forest, "and then
I will give you some wood
for the baker's fire."
So the cock ran to find the spring.
It was back of the forest,
among the rocks on the side
of a hill.
"Look," cried the cock, "see where
the mouse bit me!"

The spring was running away
toward the meadow
and did not hear the cock.
So the cock crowed as loudly
as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"
And the spring stopped
and looked at the cock.
"Please give me some water
for the forest," said the cock.
"What will the forest give you?"
asked the spring.
"Then the forest will give me
some wood for the baker's fire
in the kitchen," said the cock.
"What will the baker give you?"
asked the spring.

"The baker will give me
a loaf of bread for the dog,"
said the cock.
"What will the dog give you?"
asked the spring.
"The dog will give me
two hairs from his tail
for the good woman,"
the cock answered.
"And what will the good woman
at the farmhouse give you?"
asked the spring.
"The good woman
will give me a rag
to bind up my wound,"
said the cock.

And the spring bubbled up and ran
over and down the hillside
into the forest.
It told the forest what the cock
had said.
Then the forest sent some wood
to the baker for his fire
in the kitchen.
The baker gave the wounded cock
a loaf of bread to take
to the dog.
The cock took the loaf of bread
to the dog.
Then the dog gave him
two hairs from his tail
for the good woman.

The cock took the two hairs
to the good woman
at the farmhouse,
and the good woman
gave the cock a rag
to bind up his wound.
The cock took the rag
to Little Red Hen.
Little Red Hen bound up his wound
and the cock went on scratching.



VOCABULARY

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named
remember

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Joe
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only
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most
beautiful
elephant
camel
tiger
rabbit
sure
agree
decide
cunning
owl
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half
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stripes
glossy
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mooed
except
satisfied
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"Simple Simon"
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ware
penny
indeed
fail
because
salt
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wild
hit
hunting
hare
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bled
whistle
sieve
dry
bids

"Sour Grapes Again"
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sweet
yes

"Finger Plays"
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almost

"Cock Robin"
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about
bush
chief
love
toll
farewell
sighing
sobbing
wicked

"The Man Who Knew Everything"
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knew
great
called
own
told
send
questions
abbot
answer
earth
ball
surprised
flat
million
God
image

"Jack Sprat and His Wife"
platter
always
stew
dining
room
pine
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knife
such
learn
use
sad
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enough
Drake-lake
pond
needs
Gander-lander
grass
edge
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yup
grunted
Willy-calf
stall
chewing
cud
Nanny
Billy
field
colt
stop
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rich
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dug
hole
pole
middle
above
board
covered
branches
tired
bow-wow
Mr.
heels
crawled
picked
frozen
howled
breakfast
slowly
rose
meal
thief
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third
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twists
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lying
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oak
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squealed
loudly
taken
rest
shouted
squeaking
cackle
cluck
quack
grabbed
clothesline
door
stuff
foolish
galloping
neighed
now
blinking
true
course
wooden
barrel
huh

"The Selfish Little Woman"

selfish
short
sleighs
reindeer
sledges
quickly
also
wear
funny
furry
these
Peter
traveled
cakes
give
baking
oven
smaller
speck
dough
until
seem
angry
food
pecking
chimney
word
changed
dress
blackened
soot
though
mean

"The Wounded Cock"

bit
rag
bind
wound
driveway
front
cock-a-doodle-doo
loaf
forest
among
toward
bubbled

&CO